

The Times' Daily Short Story.

THE VALUE OF A LUCIFER MATCH

(Original.)  
The most eventful incident in my railroad experience? Well, draw up closer so that I won't have to holler to be heard above these passing trains, and I'll tell you. I've been a railroad man all my life and in some bad smashes, but the thing that bothers me most, even today, many years after it occurred, was one in which I was in no personal danger whatever.

I was station agent in a little town on the A. V. and Y. railroad. The station was at one end of a bridge across a narrow, but deep, river. At low water it was rather a gorge than a stream. One wild night when the rain had been pouring all day I noticed that the water was up to the stringers. I took my lantern and went on to the bridge. Going part way across I felt a tremor, and, after hunting for the cause, saw that one of the piers was weak. Indeed it was simply a question of a short time before it would give way.

Then I began to think in a hurry. No train would go over that bridge without going down. I was so terror stricken that for some time, though I was familiar with the time of every train, I couldn't for my life remember from what direction the first train would come, but by an effort I controlled myself, and it came to me that in fifteen minutes one was due at the station coming from across the river, while from the other direction none was due for more than two hours. The thing for me to do was to cross the bridge and signal the first train.

Over the ties, beneath which the water was boiling against the stringers, I ran as rapidly as I if I were on a dirt road. I could think of nothing but a train load of people dashing on to that bridge and plunging into water forty feet deep. As soon as I had passed off the bridge I sped down the track so that I might head off the train as far as possible from the danger. I had gone only a hundred yards from the bridge and was tearing along like mad when suddenly I tumbled into a cattle guard. I was pretty badly hurt, but this was not what troubled me. My lantern fell to the bottom of the excavation and went out.

I groped for the lantern, but couldn't find it. I suppose I was too excited to look carefully. But I gathered my faculties and hunted on till I got it. The next question was how to relight it. I felt in all my pockets and at last found one match.

Talk about the value of a drop of water to one dying of thirst, a crust of bread to one famished! I doubt if either water or bread could ever seem as valuable to any one as that match seemed to me. How was I to strike it without danger of its being blown out before I could relight the lantern?

There was no protection near and I hadn't time to go hunting for any. I knew the train would pass the spot where I was in less than ten minutes, and I must relight that lantern within that time. However, I had the good sense to first put a greater interval between me and the bridge before taking any other action, and ran on a quarter of a mile, stopping in a cut half a dozen feet deep. There I was, with one match in my pocket with which to save the lives of a whole train load of people and only about five minutes in which to insure safety in starting a flame.

Somehow by this time I had gathered my faculties completely. I determined that nothing but a complete driving from my mind of the situation would enable me to plan, and with a supreme effort I mastered my excitement and became perfectly cool. Then I considered by flashes of thought the best way to proceed. Should I attempt to relight the lantern directly from the match or try to light a fire? I felt in my pocket and found a few scraps of paper—news clippings—and some letters. There was also a lead pencil. Taking off my coat, I set it up in the middle of the track in tent-like fashion, though the wind forced me to hold on to it to keep it from being blown away. I next crumpled the bits of newspaper and laid them on the tie, which, though wet, was not much in contact with the paper. My next move was to crumple the letters and lay them on the clippings. All this I did, holding the coat in position. Finally I split my lead pencil into strips, with which to start a more lasting flame.

I had now taken every possible precaution to secure a blaze and was ready to strike my match when I heard the whistle of the approaching train. Calling up all my resolution to withstand acting hastily, I took out my match and scratched it on my sleeve. At the same moment a fresh gust of wind came, and I had no sooner lighted a corner of one of the bits of paper than the match went out.

How I kept the blaze from going out also by putting one bit of paper on top of another, finally taking a piece of the lead pencil and securing such a flame as I dared put into the lantern is now a mystery to me, for I did it in a howling wind and rain and with the train not a mile away. Nevertheless I succeeded and, crumpling the top down on the lantern, signaled without thirty seconds to spare. Then, when I had explained matters to the engineer, I dashed away to signal the next train due from the opposite direction.

The bridge went down before morning, but no one was injured by its collapse. Indeed, I was benefited, for I received my biggest promotion.

Since that day I have always carried a full box of matches, and whenever I find the stock getting low I replenish it. A match to me is the most valuable thing in the world.

F. A. MITCHEL.

RACE WAR IN INDIANA

Armed Mobs Rule the City of Evansville.

CITY JAIL BROKEN OPEN.

In Search of Negro Who Had Been Spirited Away—Gun Stores Broken Into and Rifled—Thousands of Shots Fired—Many Hit.

Evansville, Ind., July 7.—Race prejudice between blacks and whites has brought on a reign of terror here which has not ended. All night armed mobs threatened the lives of citizens.

Gun stores were broken open and weapons and ammunition were seized by blacks and whites, the county jail is partly wrecked, an angry mob of 2,000 whites broke into hunt for a black victim, the wall was forced with a battering ram, negro dives were ransacked and shot to pieces in the search for the blacks and an armed company of drilled blacks marched through the streets, threatening the lives of all whites.

The trouble, which had been brewing for months, came to a crisis when Lee Brown, a negro, shot and killed Patrolman Massey, who was trying to arrest him. Threats of vengeance were followed by the surrounding of the jail. The negro was secretly removed from the city to Vincennes.

Patrolman Massey died in terrible agony, and the crowd, refusing to credit the statements of the officials that the negro was not in the jail, became threatening as it increased in numbers.

Twenty-five policemen were mobilized in the jail and repulsed the first attempt to force an entrance after the gates were crushed in. A telephone pole was used as a battering ram and the jail windows gave way.

Committee of Mob Not Believed. A committee was appointed to search for the negro, but its report that he was not there was not believed, and after forcing a breach the mob poured into the corridors. Finding its victim gone, there was a cry of "Kill the negroes!" and arms were demanded.

A company of armed negroes, aroused by the race troubles, marched through the streets shouting "Down with the whites!" and threatening death to all if the negro was lynched. This started a rush for the gun stores by the whites. Three were broken open and forty rifles and revolvers, with ammunition, were seized.

From this time on throughout the night there were thousands of shots fired.

Boy and Woman Shot. One negro woman is known to be dead, and a boy named Logan was shot and seriously wounded by a negro. The mob, shooting, went through the streets inhabited by the negroes and did not stop to inspect its work, and the excitement and confusion have prevented houses being searched for dead and wounded.

Three hundred armed white men then started for the powder magazine near the city to obtain explosives, with which they declared they would blow up the entire negro colony of "Baptist Town," a suburb of the city. Their efforts were fruitless, however, and later the mob broke up into small

Are You Bilious?

It interferes with work, pleasure and happiness—everybody is so at times; in many cases it makes life a burden—the fault is with the stomach, liver and kidneys. An occasional dose of pills will remove the evil if you take

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c and 25c.

bands, which continued to march about hunting for negroes.

The governor was called upon for troops, but soon after daybreak the excitement began to subside and the troops were not considered necessary.

A Postmaster Appointed. Washington, July 7.—Andrew L. Cobb has been appointed fourth class postmaster at Parsippany, N. J.

Shot by His Son.

Dallas, Tex., July 7.—L. A. Moore, secretary of the city of Dallas, was shot and almost instantly killed by his son Ernest, aged twenty-two years. Moore, it is alleged, had been drinking and attacked his younger son. The other son, Ernest, was remonstrating with the father, who turned upon him when the son fired the fatal shot. Moore was well known in Texas, having been a deputy sheriff of Dallas county in the early history of the city.

Killed by Live Wire.

Gloversville, N. Y., July 7.—William C. Case, superintendent of Knox's Gelatin works at Johnstown, was killed and two firemen, Nathan Horning and Paul Behrendt, probably fatally injured by falling live wires during a fire that destroyed Geisler's skin mill in Johnstown. The loss is placed at \$105,000.

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., in Dark Room.

Paris, July 7.—The condition of W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who was injured by an explosion of an automobile lamp while out riding in Paris, is said not to be serious, but one of his eyes is damaged and he is kept in a dark room of the Hotel Ritz. Mr. Vanderbilt, by his doctor's orders, refuses to see visitors.

Fatal Explosion in Mine.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 7.—Francesco Clemens, a miner, was killed, and Birch Kridski fatally injured by the explosion of a keg of powder ignited from a blast in mine No. 4 of the Pittsburg Coal company at Sandy Creek, Pa. The other miners at work escaped unhurt.

Kaiser's Meteor Beaten.

Berlin, July 7.—In the yacht races in Lubeck bay, under the auspices of the North German Regatta association and the Lubeck Yacht club, very light airs prevailed. The Hamburg boat beat Emperor William's Meteor by several minutes, and the Navahoe beat the Orion.

General Miles in New Orleans.

New Orleans, July 7.—General Nelson A. Miles has arrived here on his inspection tour. He is about to leave with former Governor Hogg for a trip through the oil fields.

American War Ships at Dover.

Dover, England, July 7.—The United States European squadron has arrived off Dover and has exchanged salutes with the castle.

TRANSPORT SUMNER BEACHED.

With Fourth Infantry on Board, She Strikes a Luzon Reef.

Manila, July 7.—The United States transport Sumner, having on board the Fourth Infantry, struck an uncharted reef and her forward hold filled rapidly, necessitating the vessel being beached. The Fourth Infantry was on its way to various stations to the island of Luzon.

The Sumner was beached in seven feet of water, near Mauban, province of Tayabas, island of Luzon. The quartermaster's department has dispatched two interisland transports to continue the distribution of the Fourth Infantry and to bring the Twenty-sixth Infantry to Manila, where that regiment will embark on the transport Logan and sail for San Francisco.

The Sumner will probably go to Hongkong for repairs. Several of her forward plates are broken.

The accident upset Major General Davis' plans, as he intended sailing on the Sumner for New York.

LOOKOUT AT BALLSTON, N. Y.

Strike of a Dozen Men Throws Five Hundred Out of Work.

Ballston, N. Y., July 7.—The stationary firemen employed in the mills of the Union Bag and Paper company in this village have struck for an eight hour day at the existing scale of wages, calling for three shifts instead of two and an increase in the wage scale of 33 per cent.

In compliance with orders previously received from the general office anticipating this movement, a lockout was ordered and the several foremen of the Sulphide Pulp mill, three paper mills and two bag mills closed their doors.

All the employees excepting the firemen reported for work, but found the mills closed. Upward of 500 pulp makers, engineers, paper makers, laborers and 100 bag factory girls are thrown out of work by the strike of about a dozen firemen.

Panic in Cotton Market.

New Orleans, July 7.—In a small sized panic in the cotton market September options fell 70 points, from 11.70 to 11.00. The selling in September was tremendous. New York had an immense quantity of selling orders in local brokers' hands, and the first declines scared weak longs into unloading as quickly as possible. The consequence was that prices went down 9 and 10 points at a time. The bull clique was also credited with unloading, and it was current gossip that local longs were unloading in Liverpool. There was nothing doing in August.

The Far Eastern Naval Congress.

London, July 7.—Replying to a question in the house of commons on the number of British, American and Japanese war ships in the gulf of Pechall and the object of the gathering of the Russian and other fleets there, Admiralty Secretary Arnold-Forster said there were twelve British ships to those waters; but the admiralty was not aware that any special gathering of war ships had occurred or that there was any special object aimed at by the powers responsible for the movements of the vessels in Chinese waters.

The Oldest Library.

The oldest library in the world is that of Nippur, from which cuneiform tablets antedating Abraham have been taken.

ON WASHDAY

in the laundry wash in the "Sunlight" way, for it brings brightness, comfort and delight. The clothes will be whiter and the labor lighter.

Sunlight

Large Cake of Soap Perfection—5 cts. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR LAUNDRY SHAPE

DYNAMITERS FOILED.

Desperate Attempt to Blow Up Colorado Springs Power House.

Colorado Springs, Colo., July 7.—An attempt has been made to blow up the plant of the Colorado Springs Electric company by dynamite. One hundred and fifty sticks of dynamite, weighing seventy-five pounds, were piled against the north end of the building and a fuse was lighted. The explosion of one stick distributed the other sticks around a radius of 200 feet, saving the building and lives of seventeen employees. All the northern windows were broken and fires started, but were quickly put out.

General Manager George B. Tripp has offered \$5,000 reward for the names of those who made the attempt. There is no clue, and he states there is no trouble between the company and its employees. In addition to furnishing Colorado Springs, Colorado City and Manitou with light and power, the company is furnishing power to the Standard mill of the United States Reduction and Refining company, where a strike was declared Friday by the Western Federation of Miners.

HANNA NOT OUT OF BUSINESS.

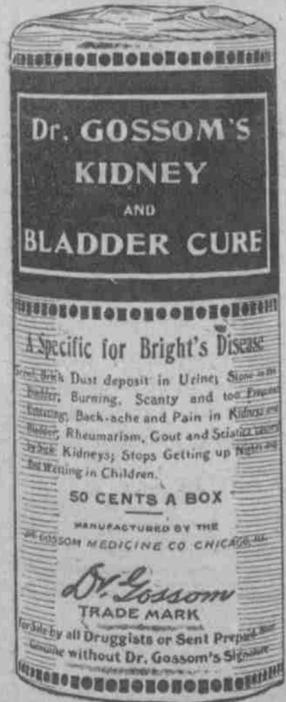
His Son and Partner Corrects an Erroneous Impression.

Cleveland, O., July 7.—Referring to the story to the effect that Senator M. A. Hanna had disposed of all his business interests preparatory to devoting his entire time to public affairs, D. R. Hanna, a son of the senator and a member of the firm of M. A. Hanna & Co., said:

"The impression conveyed by this report is entirely incorrect and unjust. Senator Hanna has, within the past few years, relieved himself of the burden of personal attention to business details, but aside from this there is no foundation for the statement. The firm of M. A. Hanna & Co. has not been affected in the slightest. On the contrary our business interests and connections are larger today than they have ever been and the senator's interests are the same."

Senator and Mrs. Hanna have left Cleveland for Jersey City, where they expected to board the private yacht of C. A. Griscom for a trip up the Maine coast.

FREE! This is YOUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FREE!

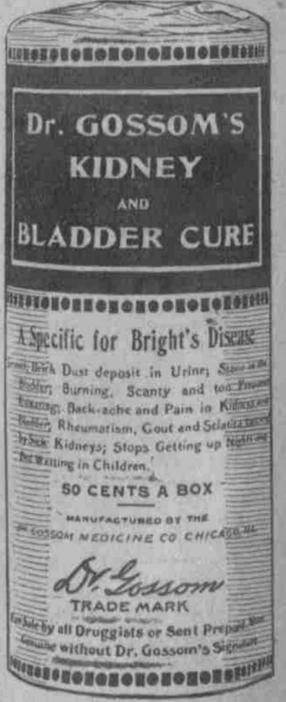


KIDNEY OR BLADDER TROUBLE

OR ANY OF THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS:

- Backache, Dimmed Vision, Periodical Headaches,
- Irregular Heart Action, Puffiness Under the Eyes, Bad Taste in Mouth,
- Sallow Complexion, Pains in Urethra, Aching Pains Over Hips and
- Frequent Attack of the "Blues," Nervousness, Kidneys.
- Rheumatism, Caused by Kidneys Not Throwing Out Uric Acid, All Irregularities Caused by Bladder Troubles.

To Introduce DON'T MISS THIS To Introduce  
Dr. Gossom's Kidney and Bladder Cure



TO THE PUBLIC OF BARRE AND VICINITY—I have arranged so that I can give a package containing a valuable Booklet and a FREE SAMPLE of DR. GOSSOM'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER CURE to each adult who will call at my store on SATURDAY, JULY 11. Come early, as my supply is limited.

E. A. DROWN,

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